MARVEL
FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X
001
NICIEZA
EATON
SMITH
NAVA
TARTAGLIA
CABLE

FALL OF CABLE

[fall__of]
[_____X]

01

"UNITED, WE FALL"

He has seen the signs in too many timelines to discount. For the man who has seen everywhen and knows everything, CABLE only knows ONE THING for certain: THE COMING OF THE NEOCRACY WOULD MEAN THE END OF MUTANTKIND. And, come to think of it, THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE AS WELL.

But that is for another day. Today, mutants are under the threat of persecution as never before. The global ORCHIS initiative has destroyed their homeland of KRAKOA and the CHILDREN OF THE ATOM are scattered.

His younger-self, NATE, has come back to the present and been kidnapped. He must be rescued before Orchis weaponizes his knowledge of times to come and his techno-organic virus.

But NATHAN DAYSPRING ASKANI'SON, the SOLDIER FROM THE FUTURE, has seen tomorrow the way others see yesterday...and he has seen the signs too many times to discount.

Nothing good ever comes from ignoring tomorrow's problems today. Though Orchis is today's threat, the Neocracy is coming...

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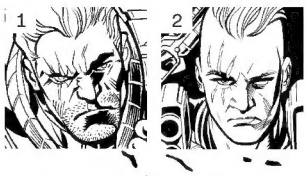
1__[CABLE A.K.A. **NATHAN** SUMMERS]
2__[CABLE A.K.A. **NATE** SUMMERS]



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--Remains anchored in the East River, north of the Gyrich Re-Education Center on Randall's Island.

Authorities are routing boat traffic west of the damaged barge as...

FIIFN NEWS

I have lived in the *future*, I have walked through the *past* and in all my travels...

...nothing is worse than having *water-logged shoulder pads*.

So I let a *telekinetic sheath* keep me nice and dry.

MUTANT DETECTED.

I detected him too.

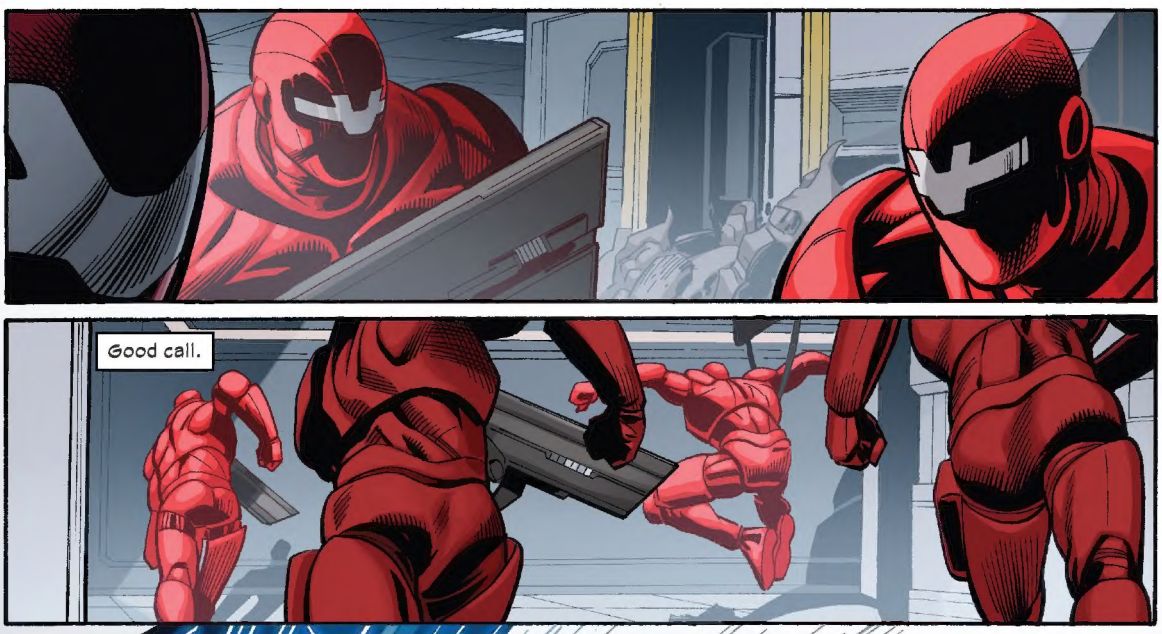
Stark Sentinels. All the programmed ***hatred*** of the originals now loaded with ***Iron Man*** tech.

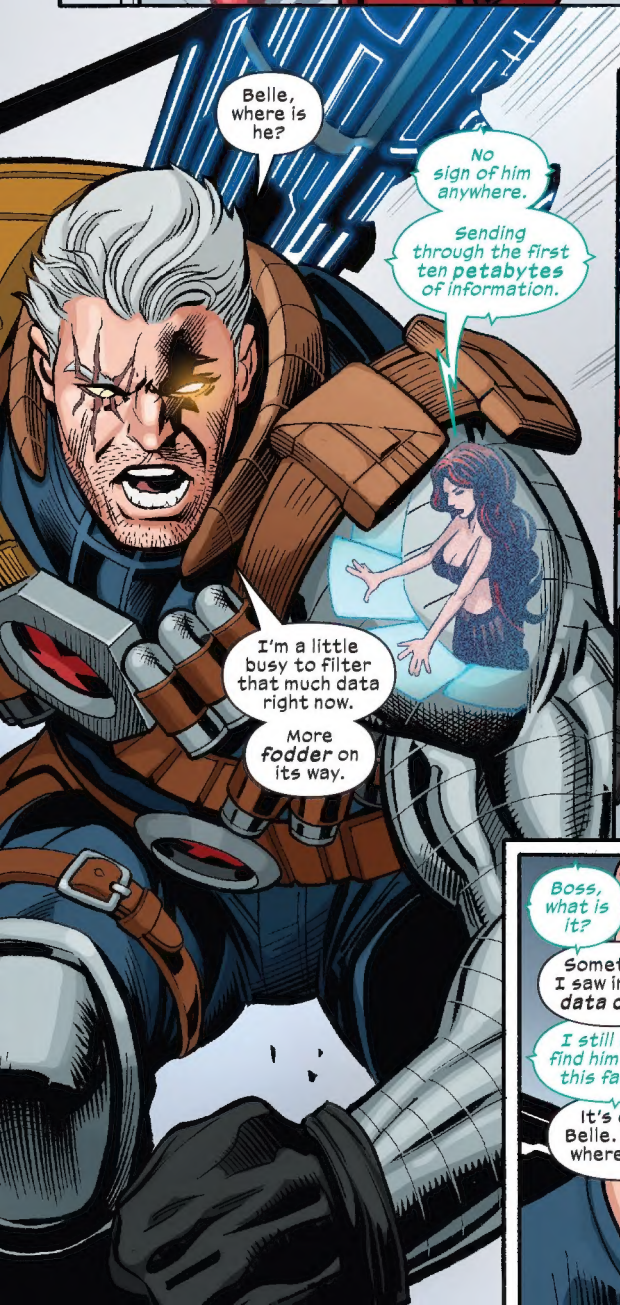
Target Acquired: Nathan Dayspring Askani'son. Designate: *Cable*.
Telekinetic. Telepathic. Techno-Organic and cybernetic substructure.
Time was, I could've taken a Sentinel out with the contents of a single *pouch*.
These new models require a little more...
...*subtlety*...
Carapace compromised.
Initiate sealant protocol.
Nanofill activated. Carapace breach sealed.
Intruder protocols activated.
Designate: Cable has been confined within Stark Sentinel HGRC-1.

One robot's confinement is another man's *freedom*.
CHUNTH
BRUNK
ALERT! Damage to right knee assembly detected.
I keep detecting the same things you do...
THUNT
THUNT
GGRRMKK
ALERT! Internal systems damage.
ALERT! Internal syste--
ZZZCHKK
Now I detect *scrap metal*.
Unfortunately, their network will relay details of this attack, so my trick will only work once.

Orchis built the Gyrich Facility as a *prison*. Their claims to *"Cleanse the Mutant Pollutant"* is just a cover to *incarcerate* them forever.
They're also doing *mad-scientist* work here. Digging into the *minds* and *bodies* of mutants.
They have *one prisoner* I prefer they not dig too deep into, since his mind and body happen to be *my own*.
Belle, I need you to access their files.
Got it, boss.
Copy them if you can, but deleting is the priority.
Gimme a sec to open the door.
TIK
CHK
TEKTK
THZZMM
You get started...I got the door.
Compressed *Techno-Organic mesh*.
I can spare enough of my *internal T-O* to generate *one* weapon.
Almost never do this because it *hurts* like crazy.
But slogging under the East River with my *usual* load would be *crazier*.

KWAGHOOMM
AAAGH!
You know who I am.
You know I have fought every single day of my life.
And I'm still here.
And I'm ready to fight again today.
Or not. The choice is yours.


Good call.


Belle, where is he?
No sign of him anywhere.
Sending through the first ten petabytes of information.
I'm a little busy to filter that much data right now.
More fodder on its way.

Just find the kid and...
...
Stab his eyes.

Boss, what is it?
Something I saw in your data dump.
I still can't find him inside this facility.
It's okay, Belle. I know where he is.

My intel was good. He had been taken to Randall's Island.
Orchis has been playing *chess* with us. They're thinking several moves ahead.
This barge is no more "*damaged*" than I am.
...
Maybe that was a poor analogy.
Resistance is minimal. They didn't think they'd need it.
I find him in the hold.

Nathan is me having come back to the present before I came back to the present.
Come to think of it, a few years before I went to the present's past, as well.
Time travel is complicated.
Orchis recently failed to study my tech and memories when they had me as their prisoner.
They thought Nate's defenses wouldn't be as strong as mine.
Sifting through some of the data Belle copied, they figured right.
Orchis has gained intel on my techno-organics. Possible future timelines. Nothing too damning.
Who's down there?
The Ghost of Christmas Future. And Past. And Present.
This Nate doesn't seem as focused on details as I remember being.
But he has a good heart, which, for selfish reasons, I'd prefer to see keep beating.

I take Nate back to my safe house in Hell's Kitchen.
The kid's techno-organic virus was poked n' prodded, but not corrupted.
Cybernetic stability checks out. He wasn't compromised.
The torture came mostly from my boredom!
Yup, he's back to his normal self.
Then let's go!
Not now.
Belle cleared me! Orchis owes me and I want to start collecting now!
Not now means not yet.
Belle's data dump revealed a more immediate problem.
What could be more important than the threat we're facing from Orchis?
They massacred most of the Hellfire Gala attendees--including Mom--they're gonna execute Dad--
Every mutant on Earth is today away from being wiped out!
And yet...
What's this?
The Reckoning is coming
The threat that's more important than the threat we're facing from Orchis right now.

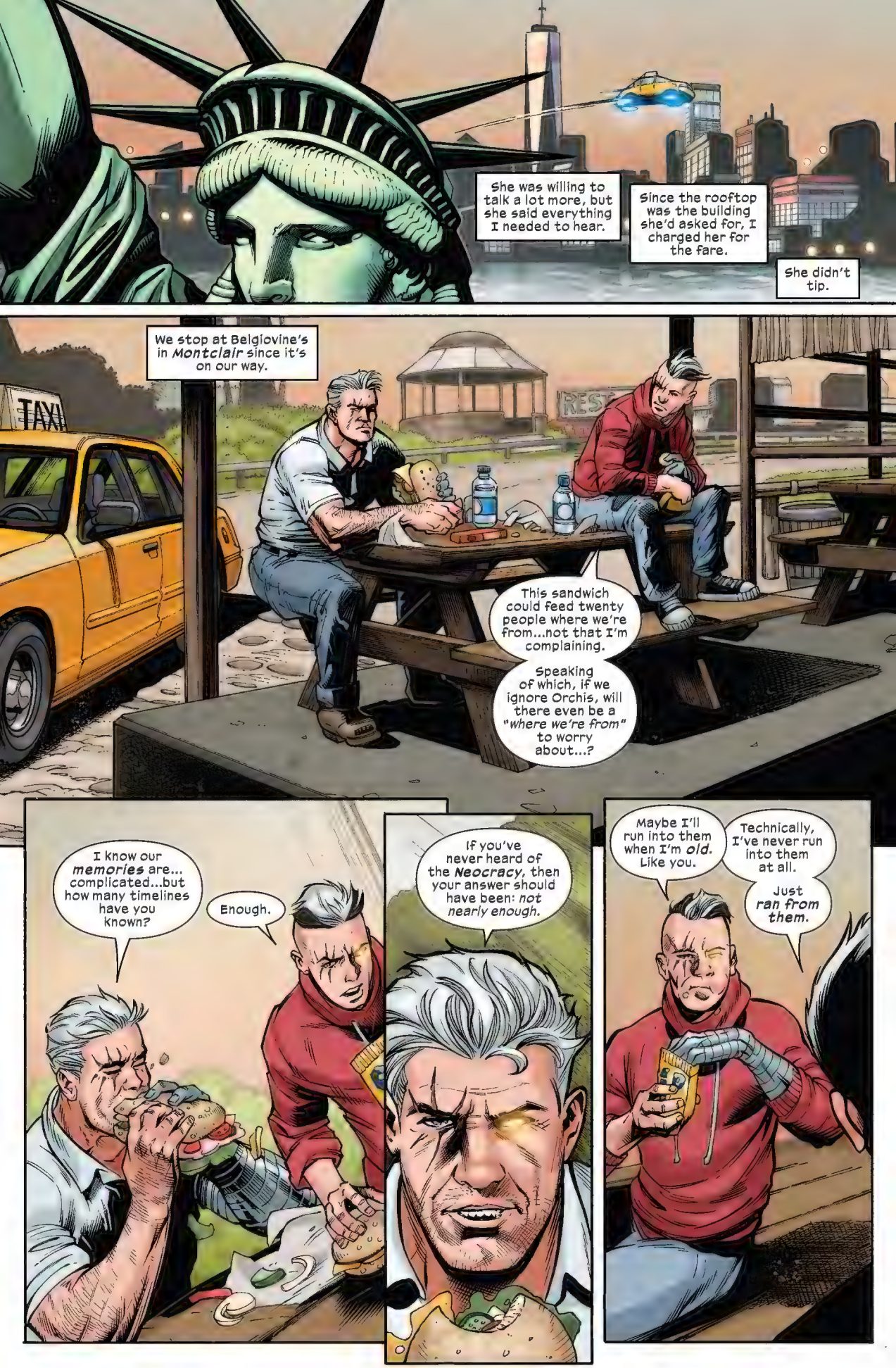
It takes less convincing than I expected, but come morning, we're in *Union Square* waiting for a friend.
This is dumb. She changed her number, her address and her *job* without telling you.
So she'll talk to you now because...?
Because I did a little time-jumping to *bring her back to life.*
Okay, it was a *lot* of time-jumping.
Irene Merryweather. Ex-reporter for the *Daily Bugle.*
Currently works for *Quiknews*, a social media clickbait platform.
I need a favor.
And I need an extra shot of espresso.
Hnn. I heard there was a *mini-you.*
I'm *tall* for my age.
I need to identify the artist of a *graffiti tag.*
If I'd taken a guess, that wouldn't have made the first one million.
So happens, I know someone.
But you're *not* wearing *that* to go see her...

This is dumb.
If you say that again...
Irene takes us to the *New York Police 114th Precinct* in *Queens*.
We're meeting with a *detective* in the *Vandals Task Force*.
Using law enforcement to tackle *spray paint*.
Sometimes, the *naivete* of this time period is touching.
I know who made that tag, but you're not going to like it.
THE NEOCRACY IS COMING
Why?
'Cus it's a weeknight, an' on weeknights...

"...he likes to work the *bridges*..."
We start with the Brooklyn Bridge and work our way up. We find him at the *Triborough*.
You're *Joxy?*
You're joking?
Who told you that "*The Neocracy is coming*"--?
The *lady* who footed the bill.
Someone *paid you* to do that?
Do you have a name?
No, but I have a phone number.

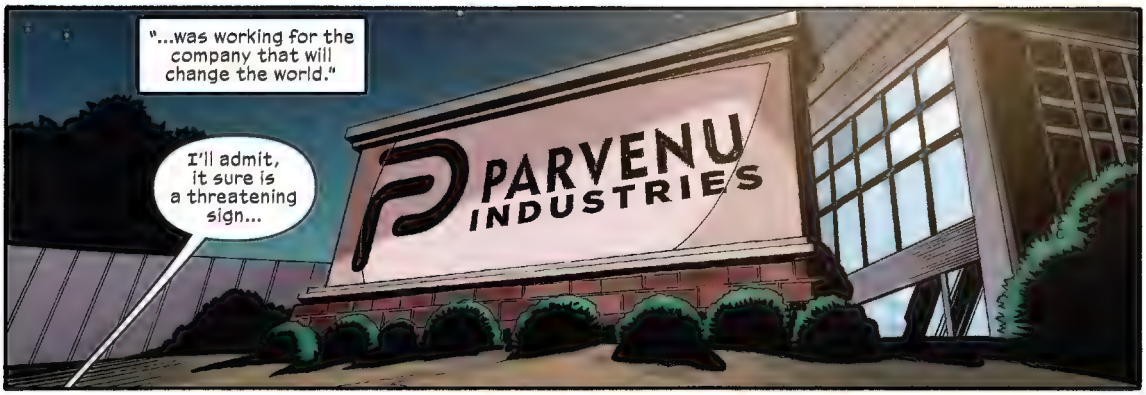
We spend the rest of the night putting a new *skin* on the *Cablemobile*.
Come morning...
68th and Lex, and there's an extra ten if you don't stop for any lights.
I'm really good at avoiding lights.
Dolla
VMM
SHUNK
SHUNK
WEEEE

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
This is so dumb.
He probably thinks this is still dumb. Almost time to make him understand.
If my *suspicions* prove out...
--Just a social advocacy associate in the marketing department and they're all ancient like you no offense so when they said they wanted a long-range slow-burn rollout I suggested spreading tags across the city and then letting it slowly go viral start doing it in other cities like over five years and they all thought it was brilliant so I hired Joxy 'cus he's got like a 100k followers on Flipstergram and ClikClok and--


She was willing to talk a lot more, but she said everything I needed to hear.
Since the rooftop was the building she'd asked for, I charged her for the fare.
She didn't tip.
We stop at Belgiovine's in *Montclair* since it's on our way.
TAXI
This sandwich could feed twenty people where we're from...not that I'm complaining.
Speaking of which, if we ignore Orchis, will there even be a "*where we're from*" to worry about...?
I know our ***memories*** are... complicated...but how many timelines have you known?
Enough.
If you've never heard of the ***Neocracy***, then your answer should have been: *not nearly enough.*
Maybe I'll run into them when I'm ***old***. Like you.
Technically, I've never run into them at all.
Just ***ran from them***.

I tell him a story that hits home. A story of *failure*. Of *fighting*. And of *losing*.
I've *slid* into a lot *timelines* in my travels. In a lot of those, *the Neocracy* was the focal point.
Not *Sentinels*. Not *Apocalypse*. Timelines (plural) where *we do it to ourselves*.
A pharma company discovers a way to rewrite our DNA--*human, mutant, inhuman, alien--everyone*.
Their goal is/was/will be to end the conflict born of what divides us *by making us all the same*.
They *evolve* us. We become a race of *energy beings*, more enlightened, unified...at peace.
We travel the universe, the Microverse, the Inner Plane and everything in between.
And all it will cost us--given willingly or taken by force--is our *individuality*.
Knowledge without the *pursuit* or *thrill* of *accomplishment*.
A placid homogeny without *hate*, but also without *love*, without any *sense of life*.

I never stayed long enough to learn the details of how they rewrite our DNA. I couldn't stay or breathing the air itself would start to change me.
Still don't get how this is a *now* problem.
They are using the battle with Orchis as a distraction and a *starting point*.
The graffiti tag is an innocuous introduction to *decades* of coordinated propaganda meant to prepare us for this "*new age*."
And the woman who hired the artist...


"...was working for the company that will change the world."
I'll admit, it sure is a threatening sign...
PARVENU INDUSTRIES

Don't you get tired of it sometimes? The fight?
I guess, yeah.
What if we could prevent tomorrow's fight today? We wait too long before moving on *potential* threats.
The definition of the word "*potential*" means they're not a threat yet.
PARVENU INDUSTRIES

Parvenu wasn't a threat in a *lot* more timelines than they were.
Maybe it's because someone acted quickly?
Maybe it's because *we* acted quickly?

I'm tired of being from the future and always running out of time.
CHIKT ZZKK

TAK TAK
Crap on a stick.
The amount of property damage involved in us getting through these doors is completely up to you.
I kind of prefer it when they opt for the property damage.
I kind of do too.
He shut the security doors behind him--All the excuse we need.
It is embarrassing to admit, but it's basically the same principle as adults who remain enchanted by fireworks.
Midnight shift. Place is almost empty.
What are we looking for?
I think we'll know it when we see it.
THUURR THUURR

THURRR...H
I guess we're seeing it now.
Aw, geez, they're all slimy!
PHOONT PHOONT
Waste of plasma cartridges.
PHOONT PHOONT
I see--feel--familiar traces on these things--Belle runs the genetic coding--
--they have mutant DNA--Slack, Glob Herman and Random.
Parvenu has been experimenting on cellular transformation.
Pretty successfully, it seems.
Conventional weapons won't work--even the unconventional ones we have.

Nate--push out with your teke--now!
That was as disgusting as it sounded.
We have to move.
It's like we made a *milkshake* with the top off.
We have to move *now*.
Your definition of *now* keeps shifting...
The constructs are re-forming themselves.

C'mon--we have to put some distance between us.
Not having come here would have done that...

Here!

CRYOGENICS LAB -
A telekinetic tug on a dozen freon lines, and...

CRYOGENICS LAB - 03

CRYOGENICS LAB - 03
That should buy us enough time.
Belle, stop filing your nails and get me a directory.

Belle gets me a directory along with a few choice words.
Of which, "misogynist pig" are the only ones I can reveal in front of the kid.
The genetic mapping lab sounds like the right destination.
And it is.
Rankin, Calvin MMNE Sampling: Duvall,PP
Mesmero. Magneto. Man-Thing. Mastermind. Mister Fantastic. Morbius. Medusa.
Today must be M-Day.
How did a private company get access to government and individual medical records?
I assure you it was all done quite legally.
And I also assure you there is nothing worth stealing here...
...unless you are keen on robbing us all of our potential.

There's that word again. You know this guy?
Dr. Paul Pierre Duval.
Surprised someone like you would be a true believer.
I read the book that journalist wrote about you years ago, Cable.
Based on your life experiences, I am not surprised to see you so...jaded.
SHRRRRIPPP
Is his shirt ripping...?
Is he getting bigger?
Yes.
Which explains the shirt.
Makes sense that Parvenu would turn to scientists with experience in biochemical and genetic alterations...
...who got that experience by experimenting on themselves.
I would have preferred to work without such disturbances--
--but if you choose to antagonize me, then you also risk the wrath of...

...THE GREY GARGOYLE!
NEXT: STONE-COLD COMBAT!

KRAKOA is for all MUTANTS

FOLLOW THE FALL:

02

IMMORTAL X-MEN #18

X-FORCE #47

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #1

RISE OF THE POWERS OF X #1

WOLVERINE #41

X-MEN #30

CABLE #1

RESURRECTION OF MAGNETO #1

X-FORCE #48

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA